

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Death of the Flowers

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The melancholy days are gone, the saddest of the year,
Of waiting winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and bare,
Heaped in the hollow of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter lights and softer airs, a beauteous neighborhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers.
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain,
Calls not from out the gloomy earth, the lovely one again.
The wild-flowers and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the briar-rose and orchid died amid the summer's glow.
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood.
Till fall the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men;
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade and glen.
And now when comes the calm mild days, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their wintry home;
When sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the woods are bare,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the fall.
The South wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.
And then I think of one, who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

Passage of the First Cataract of the Nile.

We had been told that a strong wind was necessary to carry us through, as for the greater part of the way tracking is out of the question; and that travellers are frequently delayed for days and weeks, awaiting that indispensable auxiliary. But on the morning after our arrival at Es-souan, the auspicious wind set in, and everything augured a prosperous ascent. At ten o'clock yesterday morning, the Reis of the Cataract took possession of the Dahabieh with twenty of his men, (as many as we could well accommodate in addition to our own crew, the remaining eighty being sent on to the point where their services would be more immediately required), and we started with all our sails set, and quickly left the town of Es-souan behind us. And soon the wildness of the Cataract burst upon us in all its splendor, after the tame scenery which characterizes the banks of the Nile from Alexandria to Es-souan, it was quite refreshing to our eyes to rest upon something rugged, and differing in form from the eternal *dharras* fields and palm-trees. The commencement of the Cataract presents a complete Archipelago of granite rocks, some red, others black, and shining in the sun, as though highly polished, with various turrets rushing between them in all directions. These rocks are of the most extraordinary forms, now awful, now grotesque, they look as old as the earth itself—the skeletons of the antediluvian world! On the western shore the sands of the Great Desert, yellow as gold, and rippled by the action of the winds into wavelets, descend to the water's edge interspersed with great masses of black basalt, on the east, rock rises above rock of granite, piled up in such strange and uncouth forms, that one is led to attribute to some terrific volcanic eruption—to one of those early revolutions of the elements which changed the surface of the globe, the creation of that chaotic wilderness.

The breeze held strong, and well it was that it did so, for I cannot conceive how destruction could be avoided, if, for one moment, the impelling power should be overcome by the resistance of the torrent we were driven through. Here and there our course lay between rocks narrowing so closely together, and towering to such a height, that the wind was momentarily taken out of our sails, and I assure you, such moments were awful, for it was just a struggle whether the impetus with which we entered the narrow pass would carry us through it or not. And often there was a momentary pause, when that struggle rendered the boat stationary, while the sails fluttered like an expiring pulse; but again the breeze filled them, and the screams and shouts of the two crews would be converted into an hurrah of confidence and triumph. At each of those intervals, our good Reis Ali would leave his post at the prow of the vessel, in order to give me assurances of safety, and encourage me with a cheerful "Taiteh, Taiteh!" (very well, very good), by which kind process I became convinced, that not only had we already encountered some danger, but that more lay before us—a conviction that too well founded, as you will soon see. I had established for myself a test of the safety of our progress, which inspired me with more confidence than the friendly visits of Reis Ali; and this was our excellent cook, Hagee Mustapha, whose little portable kitchen, in which he performs such great feats, is placed just opposite to the awning where I was standing. There he was, fixed to his post, and in the midst of the deafening noise and bustle around, imperturbably making preparations for dinner, which I began to think it doubtful that we should ever eat. But his unruffled sang froid satisfied me that he, who is a Nile bird, thought that there was no danger; and, in my fancied security, I lost sight of the fact that as a Moslem, and a Fatalist—above all as a cook—he was in religion and honor bound to show an immovable countenance—to leave the boat to its fate, and to stick to his *casseroles*, and snap his fingers at the Cataracts.

Thus matters stood at noon; and, in reply to the anxious inquiries I addressed to Mohammed, he declared that we should soon arrive at that part of the Cataract called the *Bab*, or gate, where the eighty men were stationed to track the boat up the rapids, and that operation once achieved, half an hour would bring us to the island of Philae, where all our troubles would be over. Scarcely had he made me that assurance, when the Swift entered one of those short but furious torrents, through which the practicable channel flows. A scene of general confusion ensued; I heard the voice of every vociferation, and the hoarse shouts of the Reis, loud above the rest—I saw Mohammed draw his sabre, and rush towards the spot where the Reis of the Cataract's pilot

was stationed. I was immediately conscious that our onward course was not only arrested, but that we were retreating; for the surrounding rocks, which, but an instant before, were rapidly passing by, now appeared to be running away from us. I looked up, and saw the sails trembling; I looked forward, and oh, *comble de desespoir!* behold the cook drop a pudding-mould from his hand, and, seizing one of the poles which the crew employed to prevent the vessel wearing round, he heaved it to work with the rest. All is lost, thought I, since Hagee Mustapha abandons his pudding! The next moment a hollow grating noise was heard, and my sinister apprehensions were confirmed; the boat had struck; luckily, it was by the stern, which held her fast, and prevented her swinging round with her broadside upon the rocks, where she must have been dashed to pieces.

The necessary precautions for such a casualty had been provided, and two of our men instantly threw themselves into the stream, and swam to an adjoining rock with ropes, which they made fast there, and thus established such a fulcrum to pull upon, as secured her from swinging round by the head. Meanwhile, the pilot who had been provided by the Reis of the Cataract, and whose negligent steering had brought us to this perilous pass, abandoned the helm, and jumping into the river, swam over to the eastern shore, and made his escape into the Desert. While we were lying in this predicament, every bump which the keel gave against the rocks sounding like deafening knocking at the door, all the surrounding rocks suddenly swarmed with naked Nubians, who sprang up, like Roderick Dhu's men, from what but an instant before appeared but a lifeless solitude.

On such occasions, I understand, those people always lie in wait and present themselves at the critical moment, either to obtain a *bachshish*, if assistance be possible, or to assume the character of wreckers if misfortune is inevitable. Many of them approached the Dahabieh, seated upon trunks of trees, and using their hands as paddles, the common mode of crossing the river adopted by this primitive race; but we rejected their services, having many hands on board as we required. At last, by dint of the greatest exertion, we were got off the rock that held us by the stern, but alas! it was to fall from Scylla to Charybdis—for, before we could once more get headway upon the boat, she struck again and this time she sprung a leak. There was nothing to be done but to run her upon the sands of an adjacent island, and to send to the nearest village for workmen to come and repair the mischief done; we then arranged ourselves for the remainder of the day and night. For the honor and credit of Hagee Mustapha, I must tell you that our dinner betrayed no symptoms of the confusion and terror that had presided over its arrangements; and that his pudding, notwithstanding the ominous interruption that it had encountered, was one of the very best he ever concocted.—*Mrs. Romer's Pilgrimage to Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine.*

Mrs. Gardiner.
Mrs. Gardiner is a creature of this kind. Her whole soul is centered in her flowers. She always had a rural taste when she lived in the city, but the smoke was fatal to the bloom of her roses and the scent of her southernwood. "I blow daisy," said she, "and my old man smells rusty." When at last, she gets into the country, her language, like her tastes, becomes more purely horticultural. When the spring is backward, she exclaims, "Lord knows when I shall be out of the earth; I almost think I'm rotted in the ground." She contrasts her show of red roses, with the white ones of her neighbors: "There's no maiden blushes about me; I'm the regular old cabbage, but I want the sun to make me bust." At another time she declares, triumphantly, "she is in full bloom, and invites a neighbor to come in and smell her." A spruce old bachelor complains to her that his peaches dropped off during the last frosty night; she has seen his trees, and corrects him. "Ah! it ain't the frost; you've got down to the gravel—I know you have—you look so scrubby and rusty." She exhorts a city acquaintance to mark the improvement effected by country air. "There's my monthly rose; look at my complexion now; you remember how smudgy I was before. We're very interesting, ain't we?"—*Hood's Comic Annual.*

The Petite Girl.
There was nothing, not a dash of the high-life-below-stairs vulgarity in her courtesies to the gardener, or the stable-boy.—The chimney-sweep was just as sure of a gent and gracious reception. In short, little Ellen could not, though she had tried, have laid aside the bland and most urbane qualities of her manner. As a little was capable of diverting them of their real grace, or of having them mistaken for affected airs and mock civilities. She was polite merely because she could not help it.—True, her politeness was excessively ludicrous sometimes, and now and then rather embarrassing, when it implicated others by taking upon itself to speak for them. Thus I overheard her one morning prefacing a message I had given for the boot-cleaner, with my "compliments" (she was polite enough to call me her master, which I was not,) her master's compliments, and he thought the boots had not been quite so well polished of late! She never received even a command from any one without a "thankee," and she always took a letter from the postman with a nice little courtesy, and a smile of acknowledgment that implied a sense of obligation for his kindness in bringing it. "My master's much obliged," she would sometimes say, as she handed the twopenny. I'm not sure that she did not, one wet day, crown her politeness by offering to come and ask me to lend the postman my umbrella; she was certain he would get wet; and carrying other people's letters too!

One occasion I particularly recollect, and it affords a good illustration of Ellen's sensibleness on the score of giving trouble.—A man had brought me some books, for which, on delivery, she impressively thanked him; when, as he was turning away, it occurred to him that he had a letter to deliver with the packet, and he began to search industriously in his bag. Observing the anxiety with which he pried into the corners of it, she said to him, in her excess of good-nature, "Oh, sir, pray don't trouble yourself!"

"Trouble myself!" returned the honest man, elevating his eyebrows rather contemptuously, "why, if I have a letter to deliver as well as the books, I must deliver it, mustn't I?" and he proceeded with his search for a minute or two, when Ellen's good-natured concern for him broke out again, with, "I'm sorry to keep you waiting."

"Waiting!" muttered the messenger; "why, it ain't you that keeps me waiting. But no, there's no letter here; certainly not, well, I thought I had one."

"Oh, sir!" cried Ellen, bent on tranqui-

lizing his mind, and settling the matter with the utmost politeness and delivery of feeling, "oh, sir, never mind; I don't say it doesn't signify; another time, perhaps." Ellen's stay in my landlady's service was not of long duration; for my landlady herself was taken suddenly ill—was dying.—A friend of the invalid sent twice a day to inquire how she slept and how she had sat up. Ellen regularly brought down the answer, "My mistress's compliments, and she has a very indifferent night," or "My mistress's compliments, and she feels very weak to-day." This went on for six weeks, twice a day for six weeks, and Ellen seemed to grow more and more sensible of the kindness and attention every time the messenger came. The compliments were sent back as usual, but the intelligence became sadder and sadder. At length, one day, when the friendly inquiry after the health of her mistress came as before, poor Ellen crept to the door with swollen eyes streaming with tears, and sobbed out the melancholy answer, "My mistress's compliments, and she died this morning at eight o'clock." Here is the "ruling passion" displaying its strength, not exactly in death, but in its close neighborhood.—*Laman Blanchard.*

The Monk and the Rabbi.
During an Eastern voyage, which a learned and pious rabbi took to visit the Hebrew Academies, he made the acquaintance of a monk who was on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The two travellers got on very harmoniously, and their conversation at first was truly amicable, till it was disturbed by religious controversy, when their wrangling became so violent that, on their arrival at the caravansary, they were incensed against each other. During the night the monk, sinking under the influence of an Eastern climate, fell seriously ill.—Rabbi Solomon put aside every other consideration, and paid him due attention; and, as the rabbis at this period generally knew something of medicine, he was fortunately able to assist his fellow-traveller, who thus became indebted to him for his life. The rabbi postponed his departure to attend upon the invalid all out of danger, and when he came to bid him adieu, the priest thanked him, with an overflowing heart, in these words:—"I am poor, and can do nothing for you, but I pray to Heaven for your prosperity. The most delightful day of my life will be, when I can prove my gratitude."

Rabbi Solomon interrupted him by saying, "You owe me nothing. Although opposed in religion, humanity ought to unite us, and the law of Moses commands me to act toward you as I have done. Adieu! We may never meet again. Live worthily, and, if you ever meet a suffering Jew, assist him as I have assisted you." Years afterwards, on his return to France, Rabbi Solomon stopped at Prague, where his religious brethren received him with honors and fetes. The Jews of Bohemia were then under the domination of Duke Vladislas, who allowed no opportunity to pass without manifesting his hatred to them. When he heard of the reception given to the stranger, like all tyrants, the duke regarded him as a conspirator, a Messiah, or a plotter of revolution, and gave immediate orders for his arrest. During this era of persecution, to bring a Jew to judgment, was to send him to death. The community of Prague were thrown into trouble and despair. When brought in chains before the duke, Rabbi Solomon was the only one who preserved his tranquility.

His representations were rejected, and Vladislas was about to pronounce his condemnation, when the Bishop of Olmutz advanced towards the duke throne and exclaimed, "My lord, in the name of the God of Christians, I forbid that even a hair of this Jew be touched. He is noble, generous, and conscientious, and never was deaf to the voice of humanity." The duke and the court were confounded; but the bishop related with warmth the service which had been rendered to him by the generous rabbi when he was only an obscure monk. The duke instantly ordered the irons to be removed from Rabbi Solomon, and the courtiers vied with each other in overwhelming him with compliments. The Christian bishop thus distinguished himself by his gratitude, and Rabbi Solomon had an escort of honor, and was loaded with presents and blessings. But that which was more grateful to him, was that the Jews of Bohemia enjoyed peace and security under the protection which the bishop gratefully accorded to the brethren of his fellow-traveller, the benevolent rabbi.—*Moral and Religious Tales.*

A River Monks.
"Rowing our boat against the current, between wide meadows, we turned aside into the Assabeth. A more lonely stream than this, for a mile above its junction with the Concord, has never flowed on earth—no where, indeed, except to lave the interior regions of a poet's imagination. It is sheltered from the breeze by woods and a hill-side; so that elsewhere there might be a hurricane, and here scarcely a ripple across the shaded water. The current lingers along so gently, that the mere force of the boatman's will seems sufficient to propel his craft against it. It comes flowing softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood which whispers it to be quiet, while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. Gentle and unobtrusive as the river is, yet the tranquil woods seem hardly satisfied to allow it passage. The trees are rooted on the very verge of the water, and dip their pendant branches into it. At one spot, there is a lofty bank, on the slope of which grow some hemlocks, declining across the stream, with outstretched arms, as if resolute to take the plunge. In other places the banks are almost on a level with the water; so that the quiet congregation of trees set their feet in the flood, and are fringed with foliage down to the surface. Cardinal flowers kindle their spiral flames, and illuminate the dark nooks among the shrubbery. The pond-lily grows abundantly along the margin; that delicious flower, which, as Thoreau tells me, opens its virgin bosom to the first sunlight, and perfects its being through the magic of that genial kiss. He has held beds of them unfolding in due succession, as the sunrise stole gradually from flower to flower; a sight not to be hoped for, unless when a poet adjusts his inward eye to a proper focus with the outward organ.—Grave-veins here and there, twine themselves around shrub and tree, and hang their clusters over the water, within reach of the boatman's hand. Offshoots, they unite two trees of alien race in an inextricable twine, marrying the hemlock and the maple against their will, and enriching them with a purple offspring, of which neither is the parent. One of these ambitious parasites has climbed into the upper branches of a tall white pine, and is still ascending from bough to bough, unsatisfied, till it shall crown the tree's airy summit with a wreath of its broad foliage, and a cluster of its grapes. The

winding course of the stream continually shut out the scene behind it, and revealed as it came and lovely a one before. We glided from depth to depth, and breathed new seclusion at every turn. The sky kingfisher flew from the withered branch close at hand, to another at a distance, uttering a shrill cry of anger or alarm. Ducks—that had been floating there since the preceding ebb—were startled at our approach, and skimmed along the glassy river, breaking its dark surface with a bright streak. The pickerel leaped from among the lily-pads. The turtle, sunning itself upon a rock, or at the root of a tree, slid suddenly into the water with a plunge. The painted indigo, who paddled his canoe along the Assabeth three hundred years ago, could hardly have seen a wilder gentleness displayed upon its banks, and reflected in its bosom, than we did."—*Hawthorne's Mosses from an Old Manse.*

Emerson.
"Were I to adopt a pet idea, as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others, it would be, that the great want which mankind labors under, at this present period, is—Sleep! The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted through a morbid activity, and while perpetually wide awake, is nevertheless tormented by visions, that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character, were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions, and avoiding new ones; of regenerating our race, so that it might in due time awake, as an infant out of drowsy slumber; of restoring to the simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it, both of which have long been lost, in consequence of this weary activity of brain and torpor of passion of the heart, that now afflict the universe.—Stimulants, the only mode of treatment hitherto attempted, cannot quell the disease; they do but heighten the delirium. Let not the above paragraph ever be quoted against the author; for, though tinged with its undeciduous truth, it is the result and expression of what he knew, while he was writing it, to be a distorted view of the state and prospects of mankind. There were circumstances around me, which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists; for, severe and sober as was the old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold, before meeting with stranger moral aspects of men than might have been encountered elsewhere, in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spread influence of a great original thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds, of a certain constitution, with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages, to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted, as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-inflicted bewilderment. Grey-headed theorists—whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron frame-work—travelled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought that they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary, to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers, through the midnight of the moral world, beheld his intellectual fire, as a beacon burning on a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity, more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealing objects unseen before—mountains, gleaming glimmers of a creation among the chaos—but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls, and the dusky host of night-birds, which flapped their wings against the gaze of eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusion always hover, whenever a beacon fire of truth is kindled. For myself, too, had been epochs of my life when I, there, might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe. But now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And, in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity, without inhaling, more or less, the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which, in the brains of some people, wrought a singular giddiness—new truth being as heady as new wine. Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of a very intense water. Such, I imagine, is the inevitable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker, as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus become imbued with a false originality. This trifles of novelty is enough to make any man, of common sense, blasphemous at all ideas of less than a century's standing, and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immortal, in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefited by such schemes of such phantoms."—*Hawthorne's Mosses from an Old Manse.*

Love's Monks.
Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height;
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?
But come to move so near the Heavens, and cease.
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire,
That some, for love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down.
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirited purple of the vats,
Or fox-like in the vine; nor care to walk
With Death and Mourning on the Silver Horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him drop upon the firs of ice,
That budding slant in farrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent of dusky down.
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild,
Leaf-headed Eagle yell alone, and leave
The monstrous lodges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke.
That like a broken porcupine waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee, sure pillars of the earth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I.
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweetest thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lava,
And murmuring of innumerable fountains,
And murmuring of innumerable fountains.

A Fantasy.
I believe the flower-clock of Linnaeus in Upsal (*hologium flore*), whose wheels are the sun and earth, and whose index-fingers are flowers, of which one always awakes and opens later than another, was what secretly suggested my conception of the human clock. I formerly occupied two chambers in Scheeran, in the middle of the market-place; from the front room I overlooked the whole market-place and the royal buildings, from the back one the botanical garden. Whoever now dwells in these two rooms possesses a capital harmony, arranged to his hand, between the flower-clock in the garden and the human clock in the market-place. At three o'clock the yellow meadow goat-beard opens, and brides awake, and the stable-boy begins to ride and feed the horses beneath the lodge.—At four o'clock (if it is Sunday) the little hawk's-weed awakes, also, holy communicants, who are clocks with chimies, and the bakers. At five, kitchen-maids, dairy-maids, and butter-cups awake; at six, the sow-thistle and cooks. At seven o'clock many of the ladies' maids are awake in the palace, the salad in my botanical garden, and some tradeswomen. At eight o'clock all their daughters awake, the little yellow mouse-ear, all the colleges, the leaves of flowers, of the pie-crust, and of deeds. At nine o'clock the female nobility already begins to stir, the many-gold, and even many young ladies who have come from the country on a visit, begin to look out of their windows. Between ten and eleven o'clock the court ladies and the whole staff of lords of the bed-chamber, the green cowfoot, and the Alpine dandelion, and the reader of the princess, rouse themselves out of their morning sleep; and the whole palace, considering that the morning sun gleams so brightly to-day from the lofty sky, through the colored silk curtains, curtails a little of its slumber. At twelve o'clock the prince, at one, his wife and the carnation have their eyes open in their flower-vase. What awakes late in the afternoon, at four o'clock, is only the red hawk's-weed and the night watchman, as cuckoo-clocks, and these two only tell the time, as evening-clocks and moon-clocks. From the hot eyes of the poor devil who, like the jalap-plant, first opens them at five o'clock, we will turn our own, in pity, aside. It is a sick man who has taken the jalap, and who only exchanges the fever-fancies of being gripped with hot pinners for waking gripes. I could never know when it was two o'clock, because at that time, together with a thousand other stout gentlemen, and with the little yellow mouse-ear, I always fell asleep; but at three o'clock, in the afternoon, and at three in the morning, I awoke as regularly as though I were a repeater.—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.*

Right Rev. Cent.
"Make haste, Edward, make haste down, you'll be too late," cried the anxious mistress of a pretty lodge at Kensington, to his hurried, flurried, worried master, as the omnibus that took him to town drove up to his gate the other morning.
"How I do hate this omnibus life!" she continued, as after two or three "Now, sir," from the road, he darted past her, just in time.
"Only to think of my being obliged to see that dear fellow rush out of doors every morning, as if the house were on fire!—That horrid omnibus! It doesn't care how husband and wife part!"
And the affectionate creature, left to herself, sat down to meditate on grave matters. Various abstruse and difficult calculations kept her brain in full employment until her return, when the result began to unfold itself in this interesting observation:
"In my opinion, Edward, we could very well afford a carriage!"
A slight shrug, a movement of the eyebrows, a rather melancholy smile, and a decided shake of the head, conveyed the discouraging answer.
"Well, but think, now," pursued the lady, "just estimate the expenses. What would a carriage and horses, once purchased, cost in the year?"
"Pair of horses? Oh, why, a hundred a year; set it down at a hundred certain," was the reply.
"And what, now, does the omnibus cost you, may I ask?"
"Omnibus? Oh, why, eight pounds; about eight."

"But this you would save," argued the lady; "for if we had the carriage, you would not want the omnibus, you know."
"That's true; yes, of course, I should save the eight pounds."

"Well, well," cried the lady, with a look of exquisite simplicity, yet in a tone that implied something of exultation as a discoverer.
"Well, and wouldn't that be getting eight per cent?"

Integrity is the foundation of all that is high in character among mankind; other qualities may add to its splendor, but if this essential requisite be wanting, all its lustre fades.

Lady Lansdowne's Presentation to the Sultan.
I was so amused by the explanation given to me the other day of a noble English lady's reception by the Sultan, which was pompously announced to the world as a most important event—a new era in the history of Turkish civilization—that I cannot resist giving you the same pageant as the *desous des cartes* which was afforded to me. My informant was residing in Constantinople at the time when the affair took place, and derived his information from unquestionable authority, no less than that of some of the officials by whose management it was effected. The lady in question was ambitious of being presented to the young Sultan, and her lord was no less ambitious of gratifying her wishes. An application was made by them to the Pasha, then at the head of affairs at Stamboul to give effect to their wishes, and as he had been at some former period ambassador at our court, his residence in London had enabled him to form a correct idea of the power exercised in the English world of fashion by the two individuals in question, and of the impolicy of offending persons who might one day have it in their power to retaliate upon him in their own country, should the Sultan's pleasure ever send him there again as his representative. But then he knew too, that to propose such a thing to his sovereign as the presentation of the lady to him, was not to be thought of seriously. What did the cunning statesman do in this dilemma? Desirous of propitiating one party without offending the other, he adopted a *mazzetto*, mine which appeared to him most happily to reconcile the two difficulties. He presented himself to the Sultan, and told him that there was an Englishwoman then in Constantinople who had some very fine jewels to sell, which she was anxious to submit to his Highness's inspection. The Shadow of God upon Earth signified his willingness to see them, and directed that they should be sent to the palace for that purpose. This was not exactly what the

adroit minister aimed at, but it was a near approach to it; he ventured to suggest that, as they were all female ornaments, it would be better that the Christian woman should put them on her person, and bring them to the palace herself; which would enable his Highness to judge of the effect they produced, and the manner in which they ought to be worn. The Sultan assented, and gave orders that the woman should be brought to the palace and stationed in one of the ante-chambers, and that when apprized of her being there, he would pass through it in order to take a view of her brilliant merchandise. His directions were punctually obeyed, and this is the history of the noble lady's interview with Abdul Medjid. And the reason of her having been smuggled, as it were, into the Imperial abode, and left shivering alone in chilly rooms and corridors, and finally being so coldly accosted and unceremoniously inspected by the young Sultan in his passage through the room in which she stood, is most intelligently accounted for by the fact that he actually believed her to be a *diamond merchant!* and although she was impressed with the conviction that the interview was conceded to her rank and station, it was only owing to that mistaken supposition, above stated, that the proud English lady obtained admission into his presence.—*Mrs. Romer's Pilgrimage to Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine.*

The Reception.
Marie Antoinette, of France, was passionately fond of the opera. She once played Suzanne, in the "Marriage of Figaro," in a private theatre in the palace. Opposite the queen's box at the opera-house, one evening, sat the wife of a rich banker, bedizened with jewels, and sporting a pair of magnificent diamond bracelets, and so anxious was she to attract the notice of the queen, that she leaned her hand on the velvet cushion of the box, that the jewels might be fully seen. Her movements did not escape the notice of the queen. She cast several significant glances at the lady, who was delighted at the homage paid to her brilliant jewels, and these two only tell the time, as evening-clocks and moon-clocks. From the hot eyes of the poor devil who, like the jalap-plant, first opens them at five o'clock, we will turn our own, in pity, aside. It is a sick man who has taken the jalap, and who only exchanges the fever-fancies of being gripped with hot pinners for waking gripes. I could never know when it was two o'clock, because at that time, together with a thousand other stout gentlemen, and with the little yellow mouse-ear, I always fell asleep; but at three o'clock, in the afternoon, and at three in the morning, I awoke as regularly as though I were a repeater.—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.*

The Message.
O, Swallow, Swallow, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her glided arms,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee,
O, tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each
That bright, and fierce, and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.
O, Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and
light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheer and twitter twenty million loves.
O, were I that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.
Why lingerest thou to clothe her heart with
love,
Delaying at the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are
green?
O, tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.
O, tell her, brief is love, and love is long,
And brief the moon of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.
O, Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make
her mine.
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.
(*Tennyson's Princess.*)

A Genuine Compliment.
It is said that a lady of extraordinary beauty, once confessed that the only real compliment she ever received was from a coal-heaver, who asked her permission to light his pipe in her eyes. We have lately met with another compliment, paid by a sailor, who was directed by his captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor, having performed his errand, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the countenance of the lady, for she was "beautiful, exceeding ly." "Well, my honest man," she said, "for what do you think there is no answer expected?" "Lady," said the sailor, "I would like to know your name." "And why?" she replied; "why should you seek to know my name?" "Because," said he, "because I would call upon it in a storm, and save some ship from sinking!"

The Little Orphan.
We hope our younger friends read sometimes what we publish on this page. We try to give interesting and instructive matter. We copy often, for this purpose, from old authors—the good and great of the past—from living writers, the good and great of the present. Surely they can find sometimes, extracts worth reading and remembering. But here is a story written by a young friend, and intended especially for them; its object is, to teach this great truth, that we must be kind to each other. Will our young friends read it, and remember the lesson it conveys? We hope so.

It was Christmas Eve; and all the children in Mrs. Morton's boarding school were dancing with delight; for the next day their teacher was to give them a ball, and then they were to return home to spend the holidays.
Oh! how their little hearts beat, and their bright eyes sparkled, as they thought of it. And besides this, Fanny Foster, with her large black eyes had caught a glimpse of a Christmas tree, in Mrs. Morton's parlor, covered with pretty things; and they expected a summons from her every moment. At length it came, and the children rushed down, breathless, while the sound of music made them almost wild.

Only one remained behind, in the deserted school-room. This was a pale little girl, shabbily dressed, whose deep blue eyes peeped sadly forth beneath their fringed lids, and whose pale lip no smile illumined. A large tear rested on her hollow cheek, and an expression of sorrow, more touching in one so young, showed that the lonely child was unhappy.
Poor little Lilla! the tears gushed forth more freely, as the sound of music and laughter reached her ear, and she thought how happy she had been when her own

mamma lived, and how eagerly she had watched for Christmas then. But nobody cared for the little orphan girl now; even the Christ-child had forgotten her; and most of the little girls laughed at her because she had to wear Kate Morton's cast-off clothes. It was very wrong, but Mrs. Morton did not check them, as she should have done; indeed, she sometimes ridiculed Lilla herself, and the friendless one was glad to hide her head; so she did not go with the other children into the parlor, but remained weeping in the school-room.

After awhile she hid her face upon the desk, and moaned aloud, "Mother! Mother!" Then the room became suddenly very bright, and she no longer felt cold and dreary, the desks and chairs vanished, and in the middle of the room stood a large Christmas tree, covered with presents, and supported by a beautiful child, with a golden crown upon its head. Lilla clasped her hands, and the tears were all gone. She looked at the smiling child, and the pretty tree, and hastened to examine her presents. There were little dresses, dolls, and necklaces. Poor Lilla was enchanted. She knelt down to thank the angel-child, when a golden cloud surrounded the tree, and she heard the most beautiful music in the world, softly ringing about her—now near, and now far off—while the room seemed to be filling with lovely beings, whose soft eyes beamed kindly upon her; and they all appeared to come from behind the golden cloud which enveloped the Christmas Tree.

Gradually the music died away, and a heavenly voice cried, "Lilla!" At the same time, Lilla saw her own dear mamma standing before her, with a starry crown upon her brow. She sprang forward, and the spirit raised her earthly dwelling—the little pale Lilla—and kissed her cheek. "Oh, Mamma, dear, dear Mamma! take me with you, do not leave poor Lilla again! I am so sad without you; nobody loves me here—may I not go with you?" and she buried her head in her mother's bosom, and wept aloud. "Lilla," murmured the angel, "my earthly child, weep no more, for joy is at hand. Yet a little while must we part, my cherished one, but no longer shalt thou be friendless and sad; to-morrow, the Christ-child shall bring thee a gift, and give thee a home. Then, weep no more, but be as thou hast been, meek and kind, and the angels who watch over thee will make thee loved and happy. And forget not, the God is the orphan's Father—heaven the orphan's home. Now, fare thee well, my child!"

Lilla no longer nestled in her bosom, but knelt upon the floor, and the soft music again was heard; while the golden cloud surrounded her mother, and the angels grouping round her, seemed to melt away into thin air, murmuring all the while, in harmony with the music, "Fare thee well, and weep no more—dear little Lilla, weep no more."

For a moment, Lilla was silent and breathless; but the sound of merriment roused her, and starting up, she found herself in the cold school-room, her head resting on the hard desk, while her schoolmates were running up stairs to bed. It was very cold; but her heart was so warm and glad, she did not feel it. With a happy smile upon her face, she crept to her lone little bed, and did not find it as hard and cold as usual; but she could not sleep—she lay thinking of her mamma and the Christ-child, and kept asking herself if it was only a dream—a beautiful dream, sent by God to make her happy—and she wondered if the Christ-child would think of her.

She was glad when the sun peeped into her narrow window, with its kind, bright face, saying, "Aue you up, little girl, on this merry Christmas morning?" Gladly she obeyed the summons, and, springing out of bed, cried, "A merry Christmas, Mr. Sun," and quickly dressed herself, never thinking of Kate Morton's old clothes, she was so happy; and when she had prayed for God's blessing, she hastened down stairs; but alas! there was no one there to return her looks of love; and if they wished her a Merry Christmas, it was with so cold and careless a manner, that chilled, and disappointed, she stole silently away.

But, though large tears were in her eyes, her heart was still happy. At length the evening came, and the dancing had commenced. Carriage after carriage rolled to the door, bearing the parents of the happy children, laden with presents for their daughters, who looked sweet, in their white dresses and wreaths of flowers. Lilla had no white dress, and no flowers; and she could not help sighing as she crept, unobserved, into a corner where she could not be seen. She smiled, however, to see them all so happy. "Oh, dear, if they only loved me!" she thought, "but I must not think of that; I, at least, can love them," and she smiled again, joyous as any of them.

The dancing stopped for a little while, and another carriage rolled to the door. Every one wondered who it was, for all the expected guests had arrived; and the little boys at the windows said it was a handsome chariot. At length, a noble looking gentleman was ushered in, and all the company bowed and smiled; for they knew it was the distinguished stranger who had just arrived from foreign lands, and Mrs. Morton took up the fair little girl who clung to his hand, and welcomed her joyously.

The gentleman looked eagerly round among the children, who were gazing at the richly dressed little girl, and said to Mrs. Morton, "Does not Lilla R— attend your school?"

Lilla heard him, and sprang breathless from her corner. She forgot her shabby clothes and all the fine ladies and gentlemen, and cried, "I am Lilla—I am Lilla!"
For a moment, he gazed at her, and then fondly embraced and kissed her, calling her "